

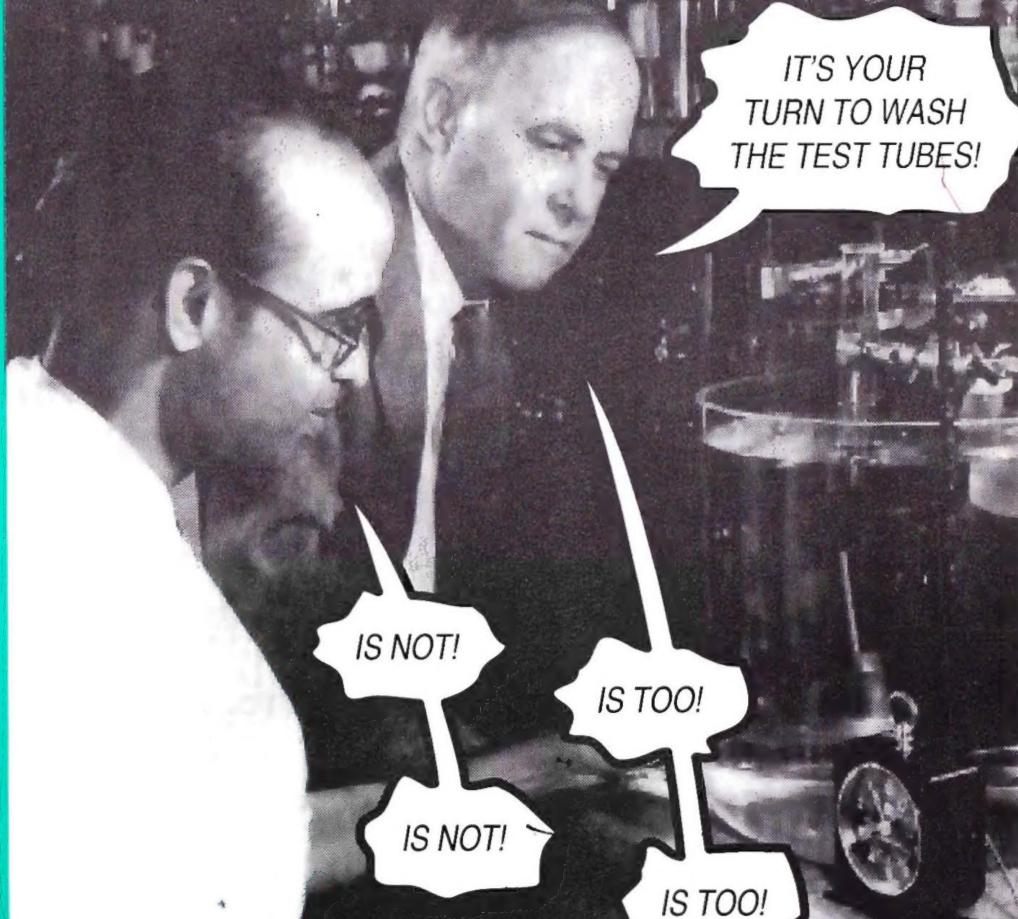
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DISEASED PARIAH NEWS #7

Inside This Issue:
*Welfare Queens,
Hunting Serocloseted
Republicans,
Those Pesky Little
Blood Stains,
Applied Rudeness,
Louise Goes Haywire,
And Much More!*



Join us at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, the single largest medical research facility in the world. Here, the best and brightest minds of our great nation have selflessly devoted themselves to the most urgent task of our time: conquering HIV. After a decade of toiling away at their noble cause, a breakthrough seems almost at hand! What earth-shattering findings will be announced? What eagerly awaited miracles are to be revealed to an expectant world?



IT'S YOUR
TURN TO WASH
THE TEST TUBES!

NIH: NOT INVENTED HERE!

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& IRRESISTIBLE FORCE**
Beowulf Thorne

**YOUR HUMPY EDITOR
& INTERNATIONAL LIAISON**
Tom Ace

**YOUR SLEAZY EDITRIX
& PROTECTOR OF THE STREETS**
Michael Botkin

**PHOTOS COURTESY OF
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SUBSTITUTES!**

The Diseased Pariah News is a quarterly publication of, by, and for people with HIV disease. We are a forum for infected people to share their thoughts, feelings, art, writing, and brownie recipes in an atmosphere free of teddy bears, magic rocks, and seronegative guilt. We encourage people with HIV to submit material. Include a SASE to have your submission returned. Your payment will be the satisfaction of being (in)famous, and contributors retain all rights to their individual work.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

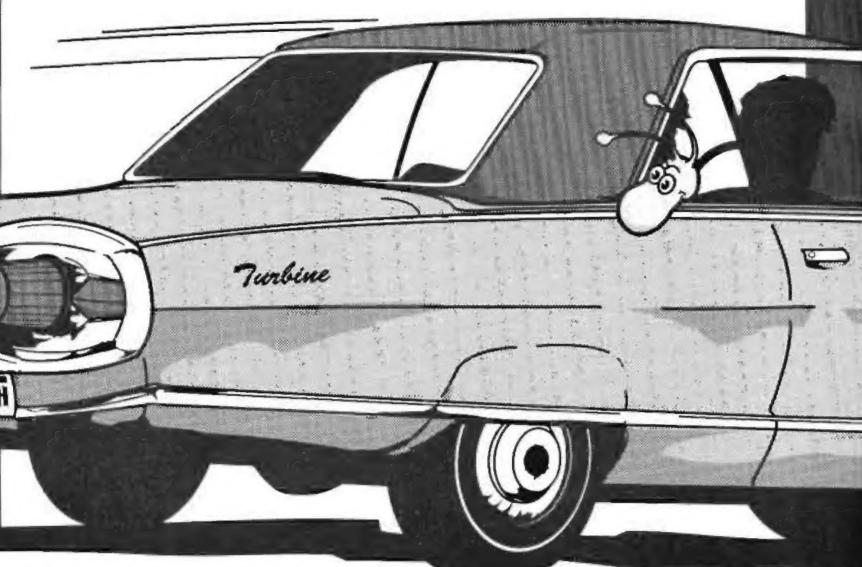
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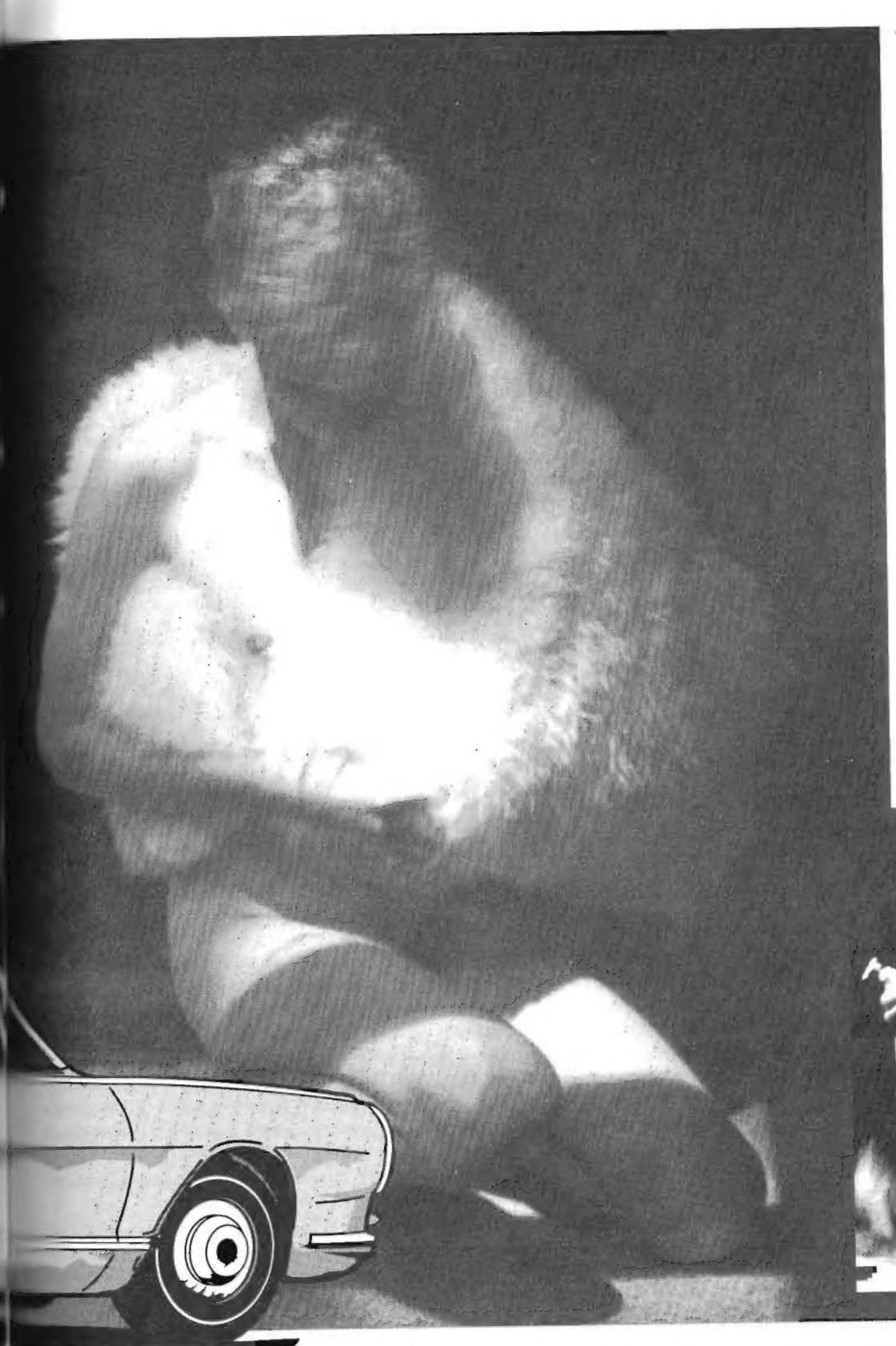
Special thanks to our golden primo big kahuna bubble-butt surfboy slave Francis G. for helping us get our ISSN.

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"Hey there all you hot-to-trot playboy HIV types. My name is Nasty Nick. I'm 5'10", 145 pounds; hair: everchanging; demeanor: ever-surprising; sex drive: never decreasing. Full blooded double Scorpio with a chip on my shoulder. A T-cell count of 15, and I mean business. I enjoy poetry, dirty notes, disgusting crank calls at 3:00 am, popcorn while watching Fellini's Satyricon, and long bouts of violent solitary masturbation, with the rising sun against my... well, you know what. Sleep tight, pariahs."



Three years ago, shortly after I first moved to San Francisco, I attended an ACT-UP "welcum committee" new-members' orientation and there met my first "full time activist", who advocated quitting one's bootlicking corporate job, living off disability, and using the time thus liberated to serve The Movement.

On the one hand, I couldn't help noticing that such a deal made the most sense for a "golden lifeboater" like him: his job at a Fortune 500 company had left him well endowed with an excellent disability package, good health care, a paid-off late model Volvo, and a large apartment's worth of Beidermeyer furniture. On the other hand, I had to admit that he was, in fact, one of the most tireless and effective AIDS activists in the region, so that I wasn't inclined to begrudge him a little comfort at home after he toiled so hard on the front lines. And then I acknowledged that his general strategy, with a little fine tuning, made a lot of sense for a lot of HIVers.

This is because getting ragged by a Danger Penis radically changes most of the values in an HIVer's life equations. "Work" and Advancement in a Proper Career suddenly seem to cost more and pay off less. Having Good Times and doing Important Stuff *now* rather than "a few years from now" (yeah, right: in hell, maybe) become a priority.

Add to this the significant benefits available to an Officially Disabled Dead Meat Special, especially in ultra-supportive San Francisco.

Finally, consider the likely need to spend increasing amounts of time on health maintenance at the very moment you

THE COMPLETE WELFARE QUEEN

find yourself with less energy than ever before. By the time you finish doing the arithmetic, you find the balance has shifted heavily against gainful employment in favor of gainful enjoyment—at the public trough, if at all possible.

This raises certain practical and ethical issues—for example, if instead of becoming a Full Time Activist with your liberated hours you just keep them for your own personal use, is this "ripping off the system" and thus politically incorrect? What if your definition of "disabled" is significantly more generous than the Fed's official line on the topic; is

exaggerating your symptoms a fair bargaining technique, or simply squalid welfare cheating?

There are the old bottom-line issues. Can you really live on half of what you used to? Even if it means getting half-time pay for no-time work? What about getting—and paying for—health care, in this country that links said care to one's job?

Can you lay aside your aspirations to eventually become a full status Guppie (Gay Urban Professional), even though in fact you spent most of your life as a poor



lap, but with a surprisingly high "discretionary income"? Without your job to define who you are, can you keep a coherent sense of worthiness, or will you just tail-spin into depression, drug abuse and death (not a bad description, by the way, of 90% of the general population's occupational life), your declaration of "disability" becoming an awful self-fulfilling prophecy?

Finally, what are the mechanics of leaping from the elusive security of employment into the vast and patchy safety net sketchily spanning the yawning abyss beneath? These questions, and many more,

will be dished in detail below. Becoming a complete welfare queen may not be a good deal for you—right now. But you should always be aware of it as a possibility, as it's one of the best deals currently available for diseased pariahs in these United States.

I'm sorry, but try as I might, I simply find it impossible to take ethical objections re: ripping off the Fed very seriously. They screw you and milk you so badly at every turn that anything you can scam them out of, short of blatant welfare-cheating, counts as only partial reparations for their mean-spirited stupidity.

Are one PWA's food stamps for a year really an inferior investment for the USA than spending the same amount of money on a single toilet seat for Air Force One? If you can bind the Fed by their own stupid and contradictory rules to fund your poetry writing or graffiti campaign, or cooking yourself nice fattening meals, isn't this as good a use of your own fucking tax dollars (and those of your friends and family) as "lending" them to Israel so they can buy war-toys and/or build more Zionist trailer parks in

(Continues on the next page)

Give DPN to a Friend!

Like syphilis, Diseased Pariah News is the gift that keeps on giving. Do you know someone who's having a hard time dealing with an HIV diagnosis? Or a troubled friend, lover, or parent of someone with HIV? Buy them a year's subscription and tell them to sit down, shut up, and get over it! Diseased Pariah News is the ideal gift for all occasions and goes with any color or decor. Just send \$10 (US\$12 in Canada, US\$20 for international orders) to DPN, c/o Men's Support Center, P.O. Box 30564, Oakland, CA 94604. We'll even forward your birthday, Xmas, or sympathy cards with the first issue.



...Welfare Queen, continued

Palestine? Is your need for AZT and Bactrim really less pressing than hiring one more spin doctor to manage Bush's "image problem"? Is it really possible to "steal" from the most notorious and effective thief ever encountered in several millenia worth of exploitation?

I rather think not. Still, these touchy ethical issues must always flow from your own feelings based on the realities of your specific situation. You may find yourself morally constrained to refrain from bellying up to the rather limited bounty of the welfare trough; even so, the general strategy of retiring from full-time gainful employment may still make sense.

BASIC MATH

In my case the equation worked out as follows. At the end of 1990 I was working about 50 hours a week, including two half-time, 20-hour head-shrinking jobs plus about 10 hours of queer/HIV journalism. This netted me a grand total of about 1800 bucks a month.

The writing paid the least but was the most fulfilling.

Shrinking heads at Operation Concern ("OC"), SF's gay/lesbian mental health clinic, paid a laughably low hourly rate but included a decent HMO and politically correct employment—although the increasing hassles and infighting traditionally associated with being part of a poorly managed, fading, under-funded City/Movement agency were beginning to get to me. Perversely, dressing up the bullshit in touchy-feely progressive jargon irritated, rather than alleviated the problem.

Starting up self-help groups for HIVers at the AIDS Health Project (AHP) paid the best money, but offered NO benefits as these expensive, life-saving frills were reserved for the full-time permanent (and

HIV-negative) administrators: the worst lot of poverty-pimping, pork-barrelin' worthless bureaucrats I've ever encountered in my brief career. My actual field work was rewarding, but putting up with the airhead assholes making five times what I was in return for sabotaging my work was driving me crazy and probably took its toll on my T-cells to boot.

Alas, most of my generous, almost guppie-hood income was already spoken for. My student loans, totaling about \$20,000, had finally and irrevocably come due, all delays and forbearances having been exhausted. Monthly payments of at least \$300 were going to start very soon and continue unbroken for the next 25 years. I'd funded my not-quite-starving student lifestyle off my credit cards; when I was diagnosed in '88 I went even further into short-term debt on the (fortunately incorrect) assumption that I was going to kick off before the medium term ever got here and that I'd never have to pay it back. So debit another \$20,000, and at an average 20% interest. This costs about \$500 a month, which mostly goes to interest payments and hardly touches the principal.

If you're keeping a running total, you'll notice that so far we've accounted for nearly half of my earnings and not a single penny has actually been spent on anything other than servicing old debt. My remaining income barely covered my share of the rent (\$350) and basic living costs. I was in fact being subsidized by my partner (in our not-legally-recognized relationship) and even so struggling to keep my head above the water, let alone having any prospect of actually digging myself out of continuing financial crisis.

A QUARTER-TIME JOB

Still, I might have tried to maintain the sagging equilibrium if I had the energy, but I was getting sicker and sicker. I began to have "bad days" when all I could

do was curl up in a fever ache and try to sleep off my agony. Such days came out of my dwindling stock of PTO. Stress took an ever-greater toll; things aggravated me more easily than in the past. I needed to spend more time on health care, on researching treatments, on schlepping all over town to find them, and on actually taking the dozens and dozens of noxious, golf-ball sized pills. I needed an ever-increasing number of hours to meet with my doctor in an endless game of track the symptom to the appropriate opportunistic infection before it kills you.

Living with HIV, I discovered, is *at least* a quarter-time job, maybe half-time. Something had to go, and I determined it wouldn't be any more of my precious T-cells. What, I asked, could be thrown overboard to make the while thing balance?

Dropping my writing was out of the question, though it paid a mere pittance, as it was the only work I was doing which I thoroughly enjoyed.

If I dropped the low-paying head-shrinking job at OC I wouldn't lose much money, but I *would* lose my health insurance benefits. Even if I COBRA'd them (a law that allows you to keep your job's health benefits for 18 months after you leave) I'd still have to pay for them myself—a good \$200 a month; and anyway, at the end of a year and a half they'd be gone forever.

If I just quit the high-paying, no-benefits, high-aggravations AHP job I'd cut my income in half, and still be ineligible for *any* benefits because of my other jobs, which, however, would just barely cover my monthly debt commitments with nothing left over for living expenses, let alone rising health care costs.

Catch 22: if I worked at all I had to work full-time to make it worthwhile, and I was no longer capable of doing that.

If, on the contrary, I declared myself totally and permanently disabled due to AIDS, I could easily file bankruptcy and dump my credit card debt. The student loan people, notoriously persistent, in my case dropped all collection efforts (!) upon being informed—with irreproachable documentation—that I was permanently disabled with AIDS, although they'd just informed me that they would fight tooth and nail if I tried to include them in my pending bankruptcy proceedings.

Clearly they'd pegged me as a Dead Meat Special, likely to croak before they'd squeezed any real money out of me, and for once I was willing to let this blatant discrimination pass unchallenged. Similar considerations doubtless made my bankruptcy proceedings (which I did myself with the assistance of the excellent Nolo Press book on the topic, rather than paying for a lawyer) a cut-and-dried, unchallenged routine affair. Why try to squeeze blood from a dying PWA—since it's likely to be tainted, anyway?

Ironically, from the collection agency resistance perspective (and perhaps every other as well) it's better to be bankrupt than to be dead. When our founding Deaditor croaked last year, his collectors were strangely undeterred by the news that their victim was dead. Was there an estate? (No.) Was there anybody they could stick the debt on? (Again, no.) Could Tom Shearer's death in fact be definitively documented with a death certificate? (Yes.) Getting a copy of said certificate only delayed them for a few days, until a new collector picked up the case. In stark contrast, a single declaration that I was bankrupt was enough to stop the most determined collector dead in his tracks. It's depressing to think that we're worth so much more to them dead than we are alive.

I COBRA'd my health benefits, which in California get paid for by the State (under its clever Health Insurance Premium Payment—HIPP—program) if you can

show them that doing so is cheaper than having to pay for your care though their own overtaxed safety net. This is not difficult to do. My drug bill alone would have cost California about three times what it cost them to pay my monthly COBRA, and I get much higher quality care: a deal so reasonable that even Governor "Sneaky Pete" Wilson couldn't object to it. I also got the special 11-month extension of COBRA benefits *only* available to those who leave their jobs due to disability. This vital legislation, written and passed by local Congressperson Nancy Pelosi, exactly "bridges the gap" which otherwise would occur between COBRA when it ends at month 18, and Medicare, the federal disability program which can't kick in until 29 months after diagnosis/disability—great for HIVers, nyet?

Finally, although it turned out that I'd spent too much of the past decade working for academic institutions—peculiarly exempt from paying in on one's behalf into any of the Federal entitlement programs like Social Security—to earn any serious benefits, I was still eligible for the rock-bottom stipend allowed the Totally and Permanently Disabled: \$650 per month. (Special late-breaking update: due to recent state budget cuts, this figure is now about \$600/mo.) This was nominally a paltry third of what I earned as a productive worker bee.

Despite this gross income reduction of nearly \$1100 per month, after all my debt-dumping it only amounted to a net monthly reduction of about \$300: only a 30% decrease in my real cash-in-pocket income, accompanied by about an 80% reduction in work load (all of it out of my hated shit-work) and a 100% reduction in debt. If we count my discharged \$40,000 debt as income, 1991 was my best economic year ever, easily topping \$50,000.

(Continues on page 15)

DPN Meat Market

We thought we'd have to reprint tired old personals from a previous edition to fill this section, but two diligent readers have delivered us from that horrible fate. Here they are:

19 YEAR-OLD COLLEGE STUDENT; 6'1", 160 pounds, brown hair and eyes. I enjoy theater, writing, and even hot sex. Seeking positive people for correspondence, friendship, romance and/or sex. I live in Lawrence, Kansas, is there anyone around? Reply to DPN Basket #15.

LONELY BUT ATTRACTIVE AFRICAN AMERICAN, gay male, 47, seeks affectionate, intelligent, and sensual guys, 28-55 for friendship, sex, or pen pals. I live in the Boston area, am 5'6", 170 pounds, brown eyes, brown hair, clean shaven, smooth, and HIV+ for seven years. Young looking (mid '30s) and very horny. Into Fr/Gr A/P, and versatile, hot, sweaty sex. No New Age health nuts. Recreational drugs, tobacco, and alcohol certainly acceptable in moderation. Safe sex. Phone sex okay, send phone number. Race unimportant. Sexy buns and personality a plus. Reply to DPN Basket #16.

Since our two boys have discreetly chosen DPN baskets [free] for their politically correct [you can say anything but "straight acting"] listings [first 50 words free, 10¢ apiece thereafter], you gotta do something special. Write your letter. Put it in an envelope. But a stamp on that envelope. Write the basket number on the envelope. Put that in another envelope. Address it to us. Put a stamp on that envelope. Mail it. We'll forward it. Under some circumstances, the editorial staff may also even forward envelopes sent without accompanying postage, but not before reviewing them first for our amusement.

Conservatives with AIDS? Why, the thought is positively un-Christian! Are they suffering from God's punishment for electing Pete Wilson governor of California, or merely for having sex on the Lord's day? Who are these ghastly creatures and what could they possibly look like? Well, you need not search any further than Pacific Palisades, Georgetown, or the Hamptons. That's right! There could be HIV+ Republicans in your very own neighborhood, being a burden to our health care system while voting for a thousand points of light. Here are a few tips for field watching the serocloseted.

Don't bother looking for the dead giveaway: spots. The serocloseted live in mortal fear of this condition, and are loathe to leave the house when it presents itself. By the time they reach this point, they have either killed themselves or are spending an eternal holiday at L'Institute du Prairie.

In the absence of this one clue, the chase becomes more subtle, and ultimately more rewarding. Keep this in mind, though: no one clue is an indictment of pariahhood, but if you find three or four, you're definitely on the right track. Happy hunting, and remember, there are no bag limits.

PARIAH CHASE!

**You too Can Spot Seroclosed Republicans
in Your Very Own Neighborhood!**

Tailored business attire
may be replaced by
looser Armani styles.

"Leukemia."



Formerly cleancut men
who sprout beards or
grow long hair may be
hiding that wasted look
or those pesky lumps in
the neck.

Newly found fascination
with Echinacea.

Sudden appearance of
private physician's home
phone number on office
speed dialer.

Won't drink the water in
Mexican restaurants.

Mary Baker Eddy tracts.

Does he insist on sitting
in the padded booths at
the Turf Club?

Although pillboxes may
merely be an indication
of angina, look for the
telltale flash of blue and
white of quickly palmed
capsules around the
noontime hour.

The usual Procrustean
footwear is replaced by
Birkenstocks.

DIRTY POLITICS

DPN Snubbed by Most of the Major Presidential Candidates!

Wouldn't it be nice, we thought, if DPN could help its readers make the oh-so-hard decision of who to vote for this November. It seemed so simple; we'd make a list of questions, send them to the Presidential candidates and their running mates, and print the fascinating answers we'd receive. How naïve of us! For one, we believed that we'd get our asses in gear and have DPN #7 in subscribers' hands before Election Day. Even more naïve, we figured that the candidates (or at least their minions) would care enough to write back. The sad truth

is that answering questionnaires from cranky, irreverent HIV humor magazines is low on candidates' lists of priorities, even when the questionnaires arrive by certified mail, accompanied by user-friendly pre-paid return envelopes. We sent out seven questionnaires; we got back one bona fide response and one form letter.

"Due to the numerous questionnaires received by the campaign, the President is unable to answer each inquiry individually." Thus spake

George Bush's Deputy Director of Communications (totally butch title, doncha think?). "However, we are happy to send

you the campaign fact sheet (sic) reflecting the President's position on this issue. We hope you find it useful." Uh, thanks. It made splendid bird cage lining. "If you have any further questions, please feel free to call." (We hasten to point out that no phone number was given in the letter.) Anyhow, nothing in the Bush camp's fact sheet addressed any of the questions we posed, nor was any of it particularly amusing, so we're not inclined to print any of it here.

Pseudo-candidate Henry Ross "I quit because they were fixin' to smear my daughter" Perot couldn't be bothered. Bill Clinton and Al Gore yawned. But! We did hear from André Marrou, the Libertarian Party candidate for President. They're number three—they try harder, I suppose. Our questions, and Mr. Marrou's responses are reproduced below.

1) *In your view, what is the single most important contribution the US Government can make to help combat AIDS?*

"Get the F.D.A. out of interfering with introduction of anti-AIDS drugs—such as AZT and DDC."

At we can
1 also wish to receive the
following services for an extra
fee:
1. Addressee's Address
2. Restricted Delivery
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and fee is paid)
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13. Return Receipt for
Merchandise
14. Express Mail
15. Merchandise
16. Domestic Return Receipt
17. PS Form 3811, November 1990 *U.S. GPO: 1981-267-066

George Bush
The President
The White House
WASHINGTON
D.C.
5. Signature (Addressee)
6. Signature (Agent)
7. Date of Delivery
8. Addressee's Address (Only if requested
and fee is paid)
9. Article Number
10. Service Type
11. Insured
12. COD
13. Return Receipt for
Merchandise
14. Express Mail
15. Merchandise
16. Domestic Return Receipt
17. PS Form 3811, November 1990 *U.S. GPO: 1981-267-066

The Hon. William Clinton
National Campaign HQ
PO Box 615
Little Rock AR 72203
5. Signature (Addressee)
6. Signature (Agent)
7. Date of Delivery
8. Addressee's Address (Only if requested
and fee is paid)
9. Article Number
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12. COD
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Merchandise
14. Express Mail
15. Merchandise
16. Domestic Return Receipt
17. PS Form 3811, November 1990 *U.S. GPO: 1981-267-066

We know you got the questionnaires, dudes. You can still write back y'know—we'll print it.

3) Some western European governments fund sexually explicit AIDS-prevention educational materials. Do you feel this could be an appropriate use of US taxpayers' money?

"No. Would be better to provide, say, a prize for development of an AIDS cure."

4) The National Commission on AIDS has criticized President Bush for not providing leadership in dealing with the AIDS crisis. Do you agree with the Commission on this point, and why?

"Yes. Bush is homophobic, and only via intense public pressure has his F.D.A. approved use of AZT and DDC."

5) What is the closest relationship you have (e.g., friend, family member, colleague, acquaintance) with someone who has AIDS or is HIV+?

"Close personal friend who recently died from AIDS, and another friend who is HIV-positive."

5) Had you heard of Diseased Pariah News?

"No."

6) Have you seen a copy of Diseased Pariah News? (If yes, did you like it?)

"Yes. Yes."

Imagine our surprise! From his answers to questions 5 and 6, it

would appear that not only did Mr. Marrou make an effort to locate and peruse a copy of DPN after receiving our letter, but he appreciated our sick brand of humor, and admitted it. Pretty ballsy for a candidate on the ballot in all 50 states, we'd say. We also like the call-a-spade-a-spade attitude evidenced by the statement "Bush is homophobic". Could you imagine Bill Clinton saying that?

As a project of a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation, DPN makes no political endorsements. Our remarks about the candidates (e.g., "George Bush is a wanker") should not be construed as recommendations or criticisms, nor should loaded question #3 in our questionnaire be seen as a jab at George Bush (even though he is a wanker).

What did we learn from all this? Oh, several things. We learned not to get our hopes up about getting responses from Presidential candidates. And we'll make sure that in 1996, whoever's editing DPN starts early enough to finish the issue with the election article some time before November. —T. A.

TIME FOR A SPANKING!

THAT'S RIGHT, WE KNOW WHO'S

BEEN NAUGHTY AND NICE; AND

YOU BAD LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO DON'T PAY FOR YOUR OWN

COPIES OF DPN HAVE BEEN VERY

NAUGHTY INDEED. HOW DO YOU

SUPERVISE YOUR STUPID EDITORS

TO LIVE IN THE WEALTH, AND

OPulence THAT WE SO RICHLY

DESERVE? PAY FOR YOUR OWN IS-

SES, YOU WORMS. ONE YEAR OF

DPN IS A MERE Pittance, SO

FORK OVER THAT \$10 (US\$12

FOR CANADA US\$20) INTERNA-

TIONAL, AND MAIL IT TO US AT

DPN, Post Office Box 30564,

OAKLAND, CA 94634. YOU'LL

BE MIGHTY PLEASANT IN THE

MORNING, TRUST US.



As some of us know all too well, getting sick is a great way of ruining that favorite pair of silk pajamas. All it takes is an IV in the arm, a tray of hospital food, or maybe a specimen container at the bedside, and you'll come face to face with those nasty little...

STAINS

- 1 For **blood** and **shit**, make a poultice out of salt and a little water. Scrub the stain and rinse it thoroughly.
- 2 For **cum, egg, milk, sweat, vomit, or piss**, scrub with baking soda and rinse.
- 3 For **ink**, both felt tip and ballpoint, spray some hairspray or Lysol into a paper towel and blot the stain. Beware! Some aerosols may leave stains themselves, so test on an inconspicuous place first. Avoid Aqua-Net Extra Hold and other high lacquer formulas.
- 4 For **gravy, salad dressing, lipstick**, or other grease-based offal, don't use water. Instead, scrape off as much as possible with a blunt knife. Then, take some lighter fluid, turpentine, benzene, or any other industrial solvents you may have handy, and apply a few drops directly onto the stain. Brush from the center outwards. Like hairspray above, test on the fabric first.
- 5 For **wine, coffee, soft drinks, juice, booze**, and other dark water-based stains, apply a couple of drops of dishwashing liquid and scrub with a moist cloth. Flush with water and pat dry. —B.T.



These stains are only simulated.

SOCIAL PROTOCOL FOR THE MEDICALLY INDIGENT

by Tab Lloyd

The term “social worker” sounds like someone you employ to keep the list of what dress you wore at what party... “My social worker said one more funeral and I’ll have to buy a new black outfit, I’ve worn them all already this season.” “My social worker said I should hand address each form and include a personal invitation to lunch when I submit my application to Medi-Cal.” “My social worker suggested I dress down for the SSI interview. She believes casual attire is most appropriate.”

Actually I’m lying, my state social worker won’t even answer her phone, let alone give me advice on “social protocol for the medically indigent.” I’ve had to guess at what Ms. Manners would do if she were in my shoes (probably look to see if they matched).

When sending correspondence to your worker, add a personal touch—there’s nothing like a handwritten note to make someone remember you. I suggest something like: “I’m so glad you enjoy reading my Social Security Disability

Award letter, I’ve enclosed a gummed pad of 200 copies so you won’t have to ask for it again. Just peel one off whenever you need it,” or perhaps just “Don’t worry if you lose this again, I’ve sent copies to your supervisor and my lawyer. I’m sure either of them will happily supply you with additional copies should you require them. Sincerely, Bruce.”

In dealing with one’s social worker, *never* refer to her as a “stupid ass cunt”, unless you want her to destroy all records pertaining to your eligibility. Social workers share techniques of bureaucratic sabotage as a kind of bonding experience. Of all the things they do, they do this best. Kissing ass is the best method of avoiding social worker sabotage—but if you must release tension and anger, first tell your social worker you suffer from Tourette’s syndrome. This will allow you to call him a “fucked out hole”, or her a “lazy ass bitch”, and maybe a “murderous shit-eating whore” without retribution. You’ll feel better, and your file will have a greater chance of making it through your cathartic experience intact. If correspondence

and telephone calls don’t do the trick, you’ll have to grant your social worker a personal appearance. Here are a few tips: wear clothes at least five sizes too large, accessorize with a hospital ID bracelet, and it’s perfectly okay if your shoes don’t match your ensemble (or each other). Let’s talk hair—the chemo look works best, but if you can’t pull it off, simply mousse all your hair forward for that popular “guinea pig uncombed pillow case rub” look.

Sometimes the wait to see your worker can be interminable. Speed up the process by feigning projectile vomiting. Tomato soup is too frightening, and pea soup is too dramatic; try a neutral cream of mushroom. Once inside, coughing and drooling help, but I find repeated references to diarrhea while squirming and clenching any paperwork you were given will waive any unnecessary or repetitive steps. Finally, keep a moist sponge in your pocket, so when complete, the interview ends with a nice damp handshake. Chances are, next time you’ll be able to conclude any business over the phone with a minimum of formality.



H A Y W I R E

Louise, the Morning After

We've picked on Louise Hay a lot around here at DPN. For those readers who don't know much about her, or wonder why she's one of our favorite targets, here's why: her philosophy is fucked. I could say 'misguided', or "extreme", but that wouldn't do it justice.

Louise Hay is, of course, the creator of countless self-help books, audio tapes, and coloring books that tell us we're in control of ourselves.

"We create every so-called 'illness' in our body." You thought parasites caused scabies? No, it's probably "infected thinking". In Louise's world, blackheads are caused by anger, baldness is caused by fear and tension, and bladder problems come (of course!) from being pissed off.

"We are each 100% responsible for all our experiences," sez Louise. This keystone of New Age philosophy is said to be empowering, liberating, rejuvenating, and so on. But does it hold water? If a meteor crashes into my house, am I 100% responsible? Is my roommate also responsible? Louise Hay can't be bothered with such inquiry; critical thought ain't her long suit.

A sense of 100% responsibility implies that getting sick represents failure. A frustrating thought to be sure, but not to worry; it's perfectly possible to hold that belief without being upset at yourself for having failed. Remember, you have complete control over your thoughts in the New Age.

To Louise Hay, there is truly no limit to what we are responsible for. We choose our parents, for example. "Each one of us decides to incarnate upon this planet at particular points in time and space." Birth defects are karmic in origin, she says. No evidence, no explanation—you just gotta believe.

There are no accidents, Louise tells us. It is surely no accident that Louise Hay books are lacking any credible arguments to back up her metaphysical assertions. But hey, the New Age isn't about splitting hairs. Why waste your energy being skeptical when you could be healing yourself with affirmations?

Louise Hay has special words for gay people. She says that because we've been told for so long that we're bad, we can't help but think bad thoughts. Artfully suggesting

her conclusion, she adds "It is not surprising that gay men were amongst (sic) the first to experience the dread disease, AIDS." She then chides us for being preoccupied with beauty and youth, and continues: "Because of the ways gay people often treat other gays, for many gay men the experience of getting old is something to dread. It is almost better to die than to get old. And AIDS is a disease that often kills." The conclusion, again only implied, is that AIDS is appropriate for gay men, given our bad attitudes.

This talk is the rankest of garbage. You get infected with HIV when it's introduced into your bloodstream. The universe didn't single out gay men for a tailor-made disease because of their thoughts. Louise Hay is on a par with fundamentalists who insist that AIDS is God's punishment for homosexuality—except that the fundies have the balls to say it explicitly, and Louise Hay carefully leaves her embarrassing conclusions unstated.

Don't get me wrong—I'm fully convinced that my mental state has a tremendous influence on my health. However, my concept of

mental health does not include believing simplistic drivel.

What's more, Louise Hay books are torturous to read. They're strangely devoid of wit, and I have real problems trusting any purported spiritual leader who doesn't have a good sense of humor. Louise Hay talks about humor—she tells us it's good—but she doesn't say anything funny. She blows every opportunity; think of the fun she could've had with an explanation of what causes hay fever. (But no, it's "Emotional congestion. Fear of the calendar. A belief in persecution. Guilt.")

Louise Hay doesn't speak well of medical doctors. She says they treat only the symptoms of illness, not the causes. This is surely true in many cases, but if you relied just on Louise Hay books, you'd have a hard time knowing where doctors are useful and where they aren't. If I had rabies, I'd rather have it treated with drugs than repeat Louise Hay's recommended affirmation. A truly holistic approach to health care looks for valuable techniques from all sources.

However, it's hard to be wrong about everything, and Louise Hay has some things of merit to say. You don't need her books, though; I'll summarize the good points here. Don't harbor anger, resentment, fear, or guilt. Work to transcend your perceived limitations. Love yourself. Don't get stuck thinking about the past. Listen to what your body tells you. Eat well. Don't lie to yourself, and remember: the New Age is neither.

—T. A.

I HAD AN AWFUL REALIZATION

...That "A" gays get AIDS. I always thought they were immune to it, you know, in those big old houses in the suburbs and all.

Someone fucked up and I got this invitation to an "A" gay AIDS party. I had only once before gotten an invitation to an "A" party, but that was ten years ago when I was young and beau—well, I was young, anyway. I had no money, though, so I couldn't play ball with the big boys.

Anyway, back to this gala event. A perky young blond answered the door, announcing the group as "Positive Pride" (naturally they couldn't have had the word "AIDS" in there—"A" gays don't get AIDS, they're only HIV+.) Anyway, he explained that this was purely a social group, and they had no affiliation with any other organization working for PWAs. He stressed that the stayed out of politics. Well, I was disappointed that there was no great cause to rally behind. You see, San Diego has this lovely Junior League called "Gay Graduates", precious men who collect food and toiletries for the queers they would certainly never entertain in their homes. I was expecting something a little more than that.

I came bounding in with my new, tasteful "Kiss me, I'm a diseased pariah" T-shirt. No one spoke to me. They were all in designer clothes and looking ever so chic.

"So," I asked one young thing, "Did you make it to the ACT-UP rally last night?"

He gave me a chilly look and left.

My heart was sinking. It was like being on the deck of the Titanic while the band was playing some old hymn. And as much as I had secretly envied the "A" crowd that I never had access to, I felt so sorry for these men. They had led gilded lives, and were now facing their first sorrow—as much as they could. I overheard one man (who wouldn't give his real name) talking about his therapy group. It was with some closeted shrink downtown who was charging the pretty boys \$100 an hour to bemoan cruel fate.

I finally had to leave. I had a sick feeling I was at Norma Desmond's New Year's Eve party. No one told them they weren't stars any more, that the world had changed. And as I left, passing the expensive sports cars until I found my own little wreck, I actually tried to pray to some god for them. I had never had anything, and AIDS was just one more adversity in my life. But those men, who had been used to the best and finest must have been devastated the most...



— Douglas Saylor

GET FAT, don't die!

Mikey Mae's Calorie-Packer Hash

*2 to 4 tablespoons fat from a leftover roast, or butter
About 1 cup meat scraps pulled off a carcass or bone, finely chopped
1 large onion, chopped
1 bell pepper, red or green, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
2 cups leftover or fresh veggies, finely chopped
Fresh pepper to taste.
dash of Worcestershire sauce
1/2 cup leftover gravy, or stock or milk
2 eggs per person*

Heat the fat or butter in a heavy skillet and brown the meat bits until they're crispy (about five minutes). Remove with a slotted spoon and set aside. Sauté the onion, bell pepper, garlic, and any fresh vegetables you decide to use until they are wilted and the onion is semi-transparent. Add the leftover veggies and the meat and cook on medium for five to ten minutes, occasionally breaking up the yummy crust that forms on the bottom of the skillet. Add the leftover gravy, Worcestershire sauce, and several grinds of pepper. Cook for another 5 minutes, or until the liquid is absorbed. Portion the hash onto plates. Quickly scramble or fry two eggs per person in the same pan, for the traditional garnish, and place on top of the hash. Serve with buttered toast or English muffins, and strong coffee lightened with real milk. This will feed two to four pariahs, depending on your appetites. The addition of beets yields Red Flannel Hash, full of old world charm. Bon appetit!

...Welfare, cont'd from page 6

On the one hand, leisure and stress-free living; on the other, endless toil and aggravation with no realistic prospect of improvement. I hesitated no further, and have been living happily ever after.

BASIC MECHANICS

To qualify for all these goodies, you have to be demonstrably disabled (which, please note, does always require actual disability.) An HIVer with more than 500 T-cells will have a hard time convincing any authority that they need to retire, unless they've had a serious opportunistic infection. Conversely, any HIVer with less than 200 T-cells is justifiably considered a *de facto* person with AIDS (even though the official CDC policy change codifying this was never actually implemented).

The Social Security people, the ones who decide if you get benefits or not, will want to see some evidence of illness. If you simply declare yourself fatigued, I don't know how they could disprove it—but they're really looking for more concrete stuff. A recent stay in the hospital is a good qualifier for disability. Otherwise, be prepared to explain how and why you can no longer work.

I braced for the above interrogation as described above, but it never happened. I was never asked for details, just a confirmation of my diagnosis, and my benefits were routinely granted.

In general, I think it's appropriate to dress down when going in for welfare agency appointments. Black leather "ACT-UP type" jackets and mohawks seem to evoke skepticism and defensiveness from social service workers. I found that wearing my slightly older clothes—which are now too large and kind of hang on me—enhanced that all-facilitating Dead Meat Special effect.

My personal example is one of someone who'd dropped into the "safety net", but if you led even a slightly more productive occupational life than I did you may well be eligible for significantly more generous retirement benefits. If you earned good wages for most of the past ten years, you paid a small fortune into Social Security and are now entitled to a corresponding monthly stipend. Some people get about \$1000 a month in benefits this way.

If, even better, you actually worked for a company that has its own retirement/disability package, you could be sitting pretty. Your benefits could include a nice monthly amount and perhaps would include continued health care coverage.

Health care is, ironically, a separate matter from disability. Being covered when I declared disability, and living in California with its HIPP program, I was able to extend my existing coverage. If you have a private policy, you must continue to pay for it yourself. Medicare pretty much covers all basic medical costs—but you're not eligible until 29 months after you retire.

You can always just throw yourself on the public mercy on this issue, too. Most counties have safety-net coverage for the destitute, but this is usually pretty poor quality. HIV care in San Francisco is a striking exception: even our street people get world-class cutting edge treatment (which even the well-insured probably don't have access to back in the Midwest or South). But what I hear about public-access HIV care in Chicago, or even New York City, terrifies me.

Getting married to a sympathetic friend of the opposite gender who has good job-based health coverage works pretty well. Actually, if the Powers That Be didn't discriminate against gays and lesbians re: marriage, I could and should

be covered legitimately by my partner's insurance.

Finally, some disabled people supplement their benefits by working "under the table" for cash. Officially, of course, all such earnings should be reported and will be deducted from your benefits. But many evade this requirement, pointing out that as long as nothing gets reported to your Social Security number they have no way to find out.

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR TIME

Once you've quit your job and arranged for your monthly living and health care expenses, what should you do with your now-free time?

In my case, I was already spending about 10 hours a week just on health-related issues. Now I spend more time looking for interesting foods, cooking them, and rating them. I also read a lot more, and write a whole lot more. Some people get involved in politics or research—becoming the newly-traditional "full-time activist". Others devote themselves to reviving their sex lives. You could become the notorious editor of a fabulous fine, or the fabulous editor of a notorious one.

Chances are there are a number of things that you wish you had done, or feel that you should have been doing all along. Go ahead and do them now, at government expense, if possible. Drop us a note and let us know how it worked out.

At the bottom line, the vast majority of people, HIVers and otherwise, would be far better off quitting their jobs and redirecting their lives to more personally meaningful endeavors. But HIVers have less time to waste than most, and after physical exhaustion, that's why so many of us are becoming Complete Welfare Queens. As I used to say about graduate school: it beats working for a living! —M.B.

WASHINGTON DC



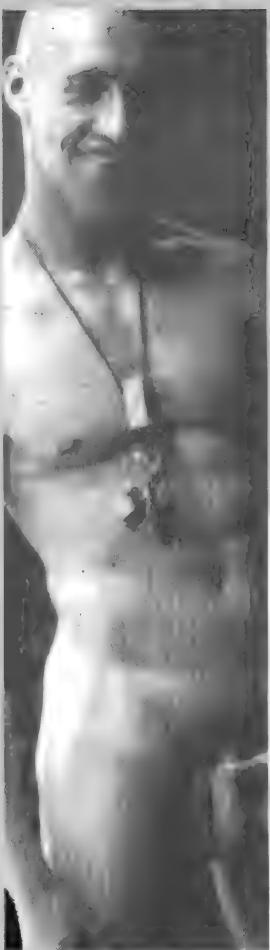
**APRIL 25, 1993
on which side of
the fence are you?**

BUTTFUCKING SAVED

*Unrepentant
Guilty
Pariah
Confesses
All In
Shocking
Exposed!*



MY LIFE!



IN 1979, AT THE TENDER AGE OF 17, I began my sordid and nefarious path to hell by picking up a middle-aged man cruising downtown London, Ontario, Canada (population: 300K; halfway between Detroit and Toronto) in his car. He, of course, thought I was hustling. I just wanted sex. A Holiday Inn was the ultimate destination of our ride. Razor burn, room service, and the realization that not everyone had the same destination in life. I wanted to try everything I had read the year before in the *Joy of Gay Sex* (miraculously on the shelf at our main public library). He wasn't too anxious, but I made him fuck me. I liked it. I liked it a lot. Now, 1992: me, Kevin Bryson, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., brown hair (what little is not buzzed off), hazel eyes, CD4 count: 40 with one bout of PCP—clinically AIDS! Medications: ddC, Dapsone®, Zovirax®, with an occasional special treat of Ketoconazole® if I'm a good boy. On AZT for 2½ years before deciding it was lacking in both excitement and coolness. The current obsessions: escaping Toronto, the dullsville city I now live in; making and staring in HIV porn—unsafe, nasty sex for the DP Nation; obtaining enough Seconal® to act out Sharon Tate's death scene in "Valley of the Dolls"; Henry Rollins (ex-member of Black Flag) of the Rollins Band—ultimate stud from hell; Wigstock, N.Y.C.; finding an HIV boy into tattoos, buzz cuts, boots, rough sex, and trouble who is searching for a buddy to live out a final "Living End"/"Thelma and Louise" type of exit from this earth. Regrets? Well, I guess I wish the term "demon seed" had remained film fiction along with Linda Blair's head spinning and projectile vomiting, rather than becoming a real life horror movie that's fucked up all of our lives. But regrets? No. I still like getting fucked. Live fast, die hard. — Kevin Bryson



been ruthlessly objectified. Would you like to share in the embarrassment of riches? Then show us what you got! Page 18

CENTERFOLD BOY





K E V I N B R Y S O N

Age: 30
Height: 5'10"
Weight: 150 lbs.
CD4 Count: 40
Medications: ddC,
Dapsone[®], Zovirax[®],
Ketoconazole[®]

THE LONG ROD OF JUSTICE



Kiss Off. © 1992 by All Worlds. Video opened three eyes out of five.

Porn Potato looks forward to the day when porno films will be judged by the same standards as other movies. We've all been weaned on fuck films without decent acting, interesting plots, realistic dialogue, and high production values, so that we're taken aback when a porn flick actually offers such goodies. Now, although Porn Potato likes being taken aback as much as the next spud, it'll be a great day when we expect porn films to be good films all around.

Kiss Off is a step in the right direction; it's not groundbreaking, but it shows a genuine attempt to have the characters and plot add to the sexual tension rather than get in the way.

The action starts with a chase sequence—just the kind of low-content scene that they run the opening credits over in real movies so that

latecomers to the theatre won't miss anything serious. Rookie blond cop Axel Garrett chases a drug runner in black high-tops through a junkyard, ultimately cornering him and another young dealer in a garage—but not before posing for a moment with his gun in front on his crotch, casting a suggestive shadow on the wall.

This achievement earns Rookie Boy points with his boss, Lieutenant Deskjockey, who gives him the break he's been waiting for: detective work. Our hero shows up for his new assignment in street clothes as requested, but evidently not the kind of duds that his new partner Detective Openshirt had in mind. Not to worry, though; Openshirt happens to have just the outfit handy in his desk drawer—ripped jeans (wouldn't ya know, they fit Rookie Boy) and a white tank top. Openshirt makes small talk while Rookie changes his clothes: you know, the typical stuff that detectives must say to one another, like "are you married?" and "hope you got a big dick". Oh no, Porn Potato groaned, it's going to be a seduce-the-eager-young-employee scene... but no, it's just Rookie Boy being

shown the ropes about working on the vice squad. He's moved on to fighting serious crime.

Their first gig together is to bust fags at a local tearoom. All Rookie has to do is wait for guys to hit on him, but he's confused. It all seems so complicated—but being a dedicated officer, he gives it the old college try. Before long, a young man wearing a baseball cap comes in and, after the customary waiting and glancing period, grabs Rookie's sweet (and not totally soft) dick at the urinals. (The background music at this point reminded Porn Potato of *Mission: Impossible*.) Rookie, on edge but keeping his cool, signals his partner to come in and make the arrest—but evil Openchest instead walks around to where he can watch the action through a grating.

Rookie Boy is really bewildered now; his partner has flaked, and Baseball Cap wants to do him on the spot. All kinds of wheels are turning in his head (though you'd never know it from the expression-free face). He agonizes over the decision for a moment or two, and makes the right choice: he gets his rookie weenie sucked. That weenie,

by the way, is a fine specimen: sleek, ample, genuinely hard—and squirts like no tomorrow. What's more, there's a real sense of tearoom tension and intrigue, making this Porn Potato's favorite scene in the whole movie.

Afterwards, while Rookie is washing up, Baseball Cap warns him that the vice squad occasionally stakes out the bathroom. Rookie is all ears—especially when Cap tells him that the cops can be bought off. More wheels turn in Rookie's head.

It only takes one more stakeout for Rookie to catch on that his partner routinely gets bought off, beat off, sucked off, and more. Openchest's *modus operandi* is to fuck the hottest items he can find, and then bust them—unless they grease his palm, as it were.

Meanwhile, as fate would have it, Baseball Cap has moved into the apartment next to Rookie Boy's, but our hero is too scared to accept his invitation to come over and play—for now, anyway. Rookie would rather stay at home and do strange things with his clothes and video camera.

Back at the office, Lieutenant Deskjockey has a hot assignment for Rookie and Openshirt: he wants them to pose as hustlers and infiltrate a high-class escort service. Porn Potato had always wondered what top-drawer call boys wear to work, but now he knows: they wear black Chippendale-dancer outfits. Our hero looks more than a little out of his element, and Pimp-man smells a rat. But what better way to

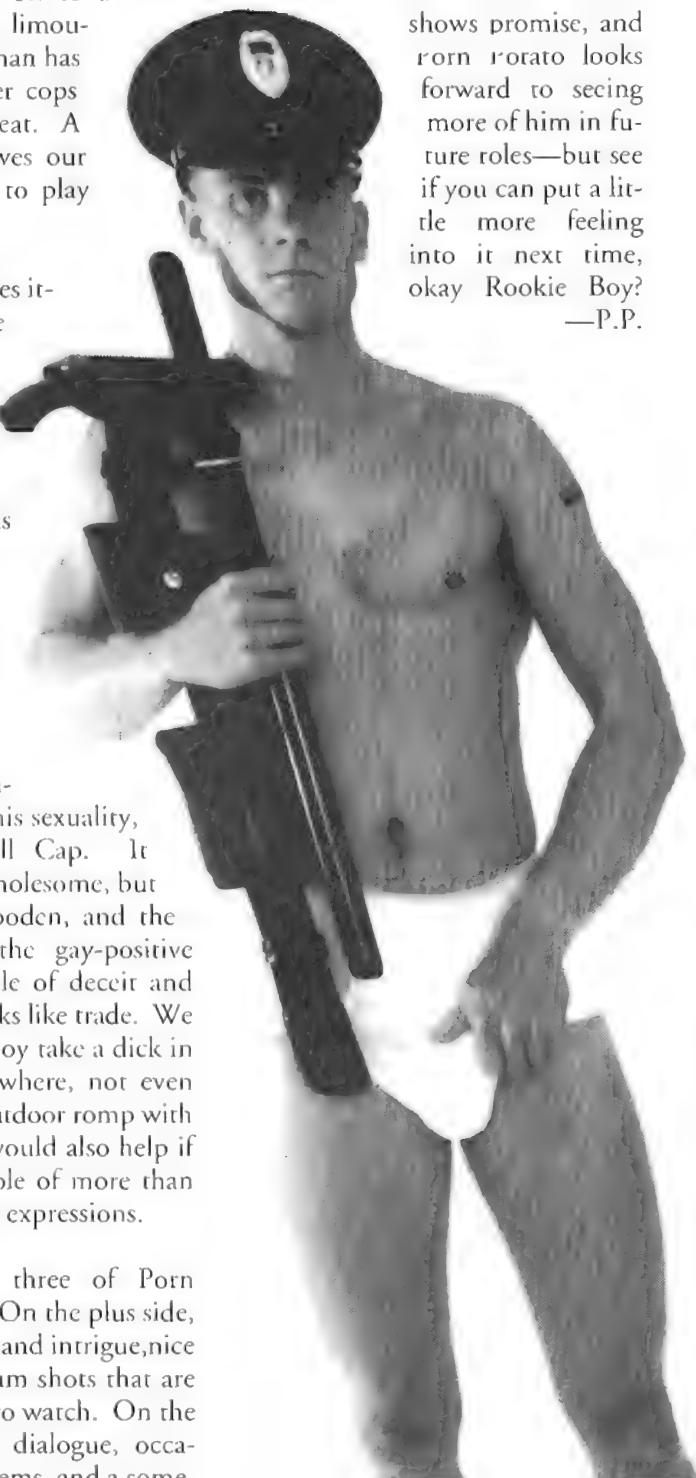
remove any doubt than with an audition? It's off to a secluded spot in a limousine, where Pimp-man has the two undercover cops fuck in the back seat. A lucky coin toss saves our hero from having to play bottom.

Kiss Off distinguishes itself by setting the sex sequences in suspenseful situations—Porn Potato likes that. Unfortunately, the film is marred by an awkward ending. The vice squad's corruption gets to be too much for Rookie Boy, so he quits. At the same time, he starts coming to terms with his sexuality, and dates Baseball Cap. It sounds nice and wholesome, but the dialogue is wooden, and the final sex scene—the gay-positive conclusion to a tale of deceit and treachery—still looks like trade. We never see Rookie Boy take a dick in his mouth or elsewhere, not even during an idyllic outdoor romp with Baseball Cap. It would also help if Rookie were capable of more than two different facial expressions.

Kiss Off opened three of Porn Potato's five eyes. On the plus side, there's real tension and intrigue, nice meat, and some cum shots that are actually satisfying to watch. On the minus side, so-so dialogue, occasional sound problems, and a some-

what tedious group sex scene. But Axel Garrett shows promise, and Porn Potato looks forward to seeing more of him in future roles—but see if you can put a little more feeling into it next time, okay Rookie Boy?

—P.P.



Axel Garret demonstrating one of two possible expressions.

“**Y**ES, MOTHER... NO MOTHER... ANYTHING YOU SAY, MOTHER.”

Duff's mother was on the phone in the marble bathroom of her Sutton Place pied-a-terre, throwing up.

Duffy was lying in a hospital bed somewhat farther downtown, trying to remain extremely calm.

“I hope you feel better, Mother. I'll call you back in a little while.”

A small Filipina nurse with a moustache appeared in the doorway carrying a serving tray crowded with styrofoam containers. “Break-fass,” she singsonged, the two syllables spanning an octave. Duffy lifted the lid off the biggest dish, revealing a turd-shaped glob of steaming eggs and a few limp sausages.

“Ah, miss?” He was never quite sure now to address them. “My doctor told me not to eat any fats. He ordered a special diet for me. It's noted in my chart. Do you think I could exchange this?” The nurse looked from Duffy to the sausages and back again, suspiciously, as if she were linking them in the complicity of some crime. She snatched the tray away and left the room, never to return. The phone rang.

“Mother, you really don't have to do this... It's actually not that serious.... I know what Doctor Canard says, but he's just a plastic surgeon, not an AIDS specialist... I just think that funeral arrangements might be a little premature.” Another, slightly different Filipino nurse was at the door, brandishing a

syringe. She was wearing a powder blue face mask and a bright yellow plastic smock.

“I have to go now Mother, there's someone here... I know... I love you too.”

The nurse was tearing open alcohol preps. “Time for your medication, Mr. Rodriguez. Please roll over.” Duffy started to oblige, then

A FACE CAME INTO SOFT FOCUS

RIGHT UNDER THE CRUCIFIX. There had been no audible intusus, just the tingly sensation that he was being watched. Duffy sat up, accidentally knocking the telephone off the night table. It hit the floor, making a sound like a car accident.

Duffy watched silently as Bruce, his ex, stooped to retrieve the phone and set it back in place, angling it so that it was nicely offset by a fat pile of paperbacks and a thin display of carnations. He wondered how long Bruce had been there and why he had chosen to make an appearance.

“Hello, Dovey.”

“Hello, Boo Boo.”

Duffy's I.V., the telephone wire, and the television cord had braided themselves around one another like some fast-growing jungle vine. He began trying to extricate himself, weaving over and under.

“What time is it? How long have you been here?”

“Just after eleven. I had to come when heard. And I brought you this.” Bruce was bouncing a bulging Balducci's bag. He was looking at Duffy with the pathetic, indulgent expression usually reserved for sick puppies or the superannuated.

“I can't really... eat this stuff.” Inside the bag was a brioche, fromage du chevre, and some assorted bon bons, all delightfully packaged and wrapped. Bruce shrugged and began peeling an almond roca.

“You're still on that horrible macrobiotic diet, I suppose,” Bruce

CALL

by David Burns

realized the error.

“But I'm not Mr. Rodriguez. I'm Mr. Duffy.”

The nurse compared the chart at the foot of Duffy's bed with the order form in her hand. “But where is Mr. Rodriguez?” she asked, scanning the room as if he might be hidden somewhere. She stormed out, leaving the door open.

Outside, in the hall, a man with an eastern European accent was arguing loudly with an African-American woman. A convoy of gigantic food service carts was rolling by, squeaking. Duffy pitched one of his slippers at the heavy door and it closed with a satisfying click. It was quiet and he soon felt himself drifting.

sighed, the chocolate staining his teeth the color of fresh shit. He stood up abruptly, began pacing, and took in the room as if for the first time. He fingered the get well cards Duffy had on display, peeking at the inscriptions.

"Private room. Nice view. Will you be here long?"

Duffy had been over it so many times that the whole speech was already memorized. He would embellish or contour it slightly just to entertain himself. The speech concerned ferocious stomach cramps and high fevers and the advice of his internist, Dr. Lobatto, that he check in to his friendly neighborhood emergency room. There was a brief summary of the many gothic tests he had submitted to in confirming a diagnosis: acute inflammation of the gall bladder, a not uncommon side effect of HIV infection. Bruce was still moving around the room, going in and out of focus. "Just what is a gall bladder?" he asked. But before Duffy could answer, Bruce had moved on to other things.

"I was at a party on Friday night and Santiago told me you were here again. It's been so difficult going out since I started The Program and hearing that... Well, it actually made me slip a little. I woke up the next day, just miserable, and I knew—I knew if I came, you would understand. I really need your support, Dove."

Warning signals were going off in all directions and Duffy was preparing himself for some Major Drama. The door opened and a pair of masked orderlies backed in, dragging a cumbersome apparatus the size of a refrigerator.

"Mr. Duffy? You're scheduled to receive a treatment."

The orderlies were followed by a nurse's aide in a hairnet and gloves carrying a tray, who announced it was "Lunchtime!" Behind her was a technician who had come to draw blood and the head nurse who strapped a band around Duffy's arm and began pumping. "Put this under your tongue," she ordered, slipping in a disposable thermometer. The phone was ringing. A jackhammer was noisily eroding 19th Street. A volunteer was waving some brightly colored envelopes at him. "Lots of friends," she was saying. "Lots of mail." Duffy closed his eyes, wishing it would all just go away.

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER
Duffy was sitting on the bed having a quiet chat with Doctor Lobatto. He had inhaled a vial of aerosolized Pentamidine while sitting inside the orderlies' rolling chamber, which reminded him of the isolation booth on a game show. The technician had filled five glass tubes with dark blood using three different needles, claiming that his veins "kept closing up." His blood pressure and temperature had been fairly close to normal. The kitchen had, once again, sent up the wrong meal. There was a card from Aunt Polly and a long, weepy letter from a college friend he hadn't seen since graduation. Bruce had excused himself to go smoke and, as yet, had not reappeared. Vicious Mario had called with the sad

GET FAT, don't die!

Biffy Mae's Sexually Repressed Pecan Pie

1 9-inch deep dish pie crust
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup butter
1/2 cup semisweet chocolate chips
[optional]
2 cups pecans

Preheat oven to 375° F. Thoroughly beat the eggs, then add the sugar and corn syrup and mix well. Stir in the vanilla. Put the butter and chocolate chips in a nuke-safe bowl and microwave it on HIGH for about a minute, or until the butter has completely melted. Take it out and stir until all the solid bits of chocolate have dissolved. Mix this into the rest of the pie slime, and fold in the pecans. Pour into the pie crust and bake for 40 to 50 minutes, or until the pie has set. Serve with whipped cream.

Robbie Mae's Gnarly Tofu Fruit Shake

Here's a high calorie and high protein shake that can be enjoyed by macroboyz and macrogirlz.

1 10-ounce package soft (silken) tofu
8 ounces apple or apple-berry juice
1 handful blackberries, raspberries, or seedless grapes; or one ripe banana
Jam, maple syrup, or honey for extra sweetness [optional]

Drop everything into the blender and blend, blend, blend. Enjoyment of this ambrosia depends entirely on the tofu you use, and different brands can have widely varying tastes and textures. Try Mori-Nu brand in the red and blue aseptic box. Don't use the kind that sits in an open bucket of water at the grocer; it will come out crumbly instead of smooth, and who knows who touched it before you got there.

Continues on the next page.

GET FAT, don't die!

Shortie Mae's Green Bean Casserole

2 packages frozen green beans
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 can French fried onion rings
1 Tablespoon oregano

Preheat oven to 350° F. Cook the green beans according to the package directions. Drain, and mix in the condensed mushroom soup, oregano, and half of the onion rings. Put in casserole and bake for 15 minutes. Sprinkle remaining onions on top, and bake for another 5 minutes. Ideal for those last minute potlucks.

Biffy Mae's Impossible Leftover Quiche

2 to 3 cups of leftovers
1 9-inch deep dish pie crust
2 cups shredded Swiss cheese
2 cups heavy cream
2 egg yolks
dash of nutmeg
fresh ground pepper
paprika

Preheat oven to 350° F. The idea here is to take all of those nasty food scraps remaining from last night's poker party and transform them into the perfect brunch centerpiece for the Annual Palo Alto Blue-Hairs Lawn Bowling Cotillion. Almost any cooked vegetable or meat will do, just pick out any cigarette butts, grind it real fine, and line the pie crust with it. (Biffy Mae strongly urges you to use frozen pie pastry, which is the pinnacle of Western civilization. And don't forget to let the crust thaw and to prick it with a fork.) Sprinkle the Swiss cheese over the ground slop. Thoroughly mix the cream and egg yolks, and add the dash of nutmeg and ground pepper to taste. Pour over the contents of the pie crust, and sprinkle the top with paprika. Bake for about 30 minutes, or until the quiche has set and the top is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold. Biffy Mae is particularly fond of corn, or spinach 'n' sausage as starting ingredients.

...GALL, continued

news that Peter had slipped into a "walking" coma. Then Doctor Lobatto had blown in—wearing, as usual, an invisible antebellum ballgown over his OR blues.

"It looks a little iffy," Lobatto proffered, apologetically, batting his long lashes, "but keep your chin up and look on the bright side." Lobatto's most valuable asset was his forked tongue; he used it to describe both devastation and groundless hope with the same peppermint-scented breath. "Gall bladder problems are common with HIV infection, but it's hard to isolate the problem or verify the other organs infected. You have several choices: number one, a laparoscopy, involves the insertion of a small tube in your abdomen, through which air is pumped. When you're good and full we go in and look around. Two would be the simple removal of your gall bladder—you can live without it." A woman in the next room screamed as if she were dying or giving birth.

"And three? What is three?"

Doctor Lobatto twirled his pen in his mouth as if it were the stem of a rose. "Three, three, wait and see. What we've been doing. Rest, rest, rest. None of those naughty fats. And antibiotics until you bloat."

Duffy was still trying to imagine what it would feel like to have someone blowing air into his stomach through a tube as if he were a flat tire. Doctor Lobatto's tone became girlishly conspiratorial. "But I can't recommend

number three legally or medically. Surgery wants to cut you open right away so that they're not liable. In case it's something more serious."

Duffy had already made the obvious choice. His fever and pain were down; the Bactrim was dripping into his arm; he didn't feel like he was going to die, at least not this week.

"I'd like to wait. Let's see how I feel tomorrow."

"Tomorrow, tomorrow..." Lobatto tossed his stethoscope over one shoulder like a mink stole and disappeared in a puff of expletives. His voice trilled away down the hall like a flock of songbirds migrating south.

Duffy tried to imagine a gall bladder: its position, shape, texture, and color. What did it do? How could he live without it? Why was it rebelling against him when he had made such an effort to treat his body with love and respect? He knew that it had to do with processing fats and that gallstones were formed when something crystallized and that they were extremely painful. He knew that the gall bladder was involved, somehow, in the production of bile, which, in symbolic terms, was associated with anger.

He also knew that he was feeling weak, drained by fevers, the throbbing in his gut, the parade of doctors, surgeons, interns, residents, and curious onlookers who had been passing by his bed, poking him where it hurt the most. They had wanted him to know his pain.

He stood and stretched, careful to keep his arm below the level of

the hanging bags of fluid. Easing himself away from the bed, he bent left and right, around and back. The fibers and vessels that had been sleeping awoke and surged with fresh vigor. It felt good to move a little, to be in his body.

The door opened again, banging him hard in the elbow.

"Hello? Is anyone in there?"

It was a priest. This was a Catholic hospital. The priest smiled a large, empty politician's smile and, gesturing toward the bed, said, "Sit down, son. And let's talk about your soul."

THE PHONE RANG AGAIN—a vague acquaintance, the friend of someone's lover. Duffy launched into enthusiastic gabbing, hoping that it would discourage the solicitous reverend. They had been conversing quietly for some time, the priest lobbing queries designed to test Duffy's susceptibility to salvation; Duffy—a confirmed agnostic—deflecting these volleys with polite but firm returns. When the priest finally capitulated, Duffy cut the call in mid-sentence.

"Bye now, I've got to go."

It was too late to continue stretching. He had a pile of books which were either too intellectual or brazenly cheap, with raised, metallic titles and die-cut covers. The TV remote was around here somewhere.

On Channel 2 was the amazing story of the midwestern lad who had both arms ripped off by a piece of farm equipment. Oprah was grilling a reformed child molester. Previews of a rescue show

with ruined bodies being carried into a triage. The end of an action film: three exploding helicopters. A minute-by-minute recap of the Jeffrey Dahmer trial. Excerpts from Bush's State of the Union address.

There was a knock announcing a tiny, round figure in surgical cerulean. He could see two happy eyes twinkling between the mask and bonnet—the rest was covered. The blue smurf was dragging a transport stretcher. "The operating room is waiting," it declared.

Duffy was taken aback. "For me?"

"You are expecting surgery? We have you scheduled for a colostomy."

"But my doctor just left here an hour ago. We agreed that we were going to wait. He said that surgery may not be necessary."

"Come now, Mr. Duffy, I have my order right here. It's very common for patients to have cold feet. But in just a minute, you won't be feeling a thing." The orderly unhooked both sides of Duffy's bed. Padded fabric was brushing against his bare skin.

"No, really. I'm not going with you. You should talk to my doctor. He's in charge, right?"

"Mr. Duffy, are you being difficult?"

"No, I just—"

"Shall I tell the surgeon you refused?"

"Can you at least check my chart, or—"

"Mr. Duffy ..."

The dark eyes seemed to be

GET FAT, don't die!

Mysterious Cheese and Nut Loaf

2 tablespoons butter or oil
1 medium onion, diced
1 1/2 cups chopped mushrooms
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 small green bell pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon each dried thyme, savory, and marjoram
1/2 teaspoon dried sage
salt and freshly ground pepper
1 1/2 cups cooked brown rice
1 1/2 cups walnuts, ground or finely chopped
1/2 cup cashews, ground or finely chopped
4 eggs
1 cup cottage cheese
1/2 pound grated cheeses of your choice (cheddar, Gruyere, fontina, smoked, and don't forget the parmesan!)
1/2 cup mixed fresh herbs such as parsley, oregano, thyme

Preheat oven to 350° F. Heat butter or oil in a skillet, and sauté the onions until they just turn translucent. Add the mushrooms, garlic, bell-pepper, dried herbs, salt and pepper to taste [hold back on the sodium, as the salt in the cheeses will manifest itself later], and cook until the bell pepper is soft. Mix the cooked vegetables and all the remaining ingredients in a large bowl. Line the bottom and sides of a 9-inch loaf pan with two crossed rectangles of baking parchment or foil, leaving about three inches overhanging from each side. Liberally butter the lined pan, including the ends. Fill the pan with the cheese and nut mixture, and tap sharply on the counter a couple of times to dislodge any air bubbles, and then smooth the top with a spatula. Fold the overhanging paper over the top. Bake for about one hour, or until firm to the touch. Cool on a rack for 5-10 minutes; pull the paper back, and turn onto a serving platter. Even your carnivorous friends won't be disappointed by this leaden delicacy. Garnish with marinara sauce, bernaise sauce, sour cream, or mango chutney.

Continues on the next page.

GET FAT, don't die!

Hard-Hearted Hannah's Pecan Buttercrunch

*1/2 cup butter
1 1/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
1 1/2 cups shredded coconut
1 cup semisweet chocolate morsels
1 cup butterscotch morsels
1 15-ounce can sweetened condensed milk
2 cups pecan halves*

Preheat your oven to 350° F. Line the bottom and sides of a 9×13×2 inch baking pan with aluminum foil. Try not to tear the foil. Heat the butter in the pan until it melts, and then tilt the pan so the butter coats the pan on the bottom and halfway up the sides. Sprinkle these ingredients in even layers in the following order: graham cracker crumbs, coconut, chocolate morsels, and then the butterscotch morsels. Pour the sweetened condensed milk over the top, and cover with the pecan halves. Bake for about 10 minutes. When heated throughout, press gently on the nuts with a metal spatula to embed them in the mixture. Bake for an additional 30 minutes, or until the condensed milk that shows between the nuts is a light golden color. Remove from the oven. Cool. Put a cookie sheet on top and flip over. Take off the pan, and peel off the foil. Put a serving platter on top and flip it right side up. Let stand overnight or for two hours in the refrigerator before cutting into pieces with a sharp knife. Puts Rice Crispy treats to shame.

...GALL, continued

brimming. There was the acidic rustle of blue limbs in motion, the static generated by man-made fibers. The orderly backed away, head bowed, into the shadows.

Duffy pitched his other slipper at the door, scoring a resonating slam. The phone rang, announcing a new round.

Duffy's mother was on the cordless at B. G. Rasmussen's Sherry-Netherland aerie. Duffy heard the melodic clink of fine china in the background: tea was being served. Duffy's mother was more subdued now, weeping gently. He heard reassuring chirps and clucks and knew that she was surrounded by a small flock of doting hens. These ladies were charming at tea; later, over cocktails, they would be throwing things.

"I know how hard this is for you, Mother. There's no need for you to blame yourself... It really could be a lot worse."

Duffy realized that he had said the wrong thing as his mother's emotions suddenly turned shrill. He could hear Mrs. Rasmussen in the background calling for brandy. Then the line went dead.

IT WAS NOW QUITE DARK. Duffy sat in the silence for several minutes, focusing on his breath. He knew that stress, tension, and anxiety were, for him, deadly poisons. It was strange that most people seemed to thrive on these things, as if they were manna.

He barely noticed the nurse who brought in the dinner tray

(boiled beans, a puree of beef, and a fancy fruit cocktail) or the pimply resident who asked him to cough, then went away, frowning. He was quite numb when Bruce returned, wearing a different outfit, but with the same shit eating grin.

"Sorry I had to leave before, it's just that this place is so stressful. You know hospitals aren't my thing." Bruce looked from Duffy to his dinner and back again. "You look so thin—aren't you eating anything?" He was wearing one of Duffy's old shirts, with the sleeves cut off. His hair was perfectly sculpted, a gentle tsunami that crested and fell over his right temple. Duffy dejected the unmistakable bouquet of Egoiste, sickening him as it blended with the fumes of steaming beef.

"Going out?"

"Later on. Dinner at Maryanne's with Joe and Joseph, then Splash and—who knows?" Bruce was twirling the silver chain that he wore, making it shorter and shorter. "Here's the thing, Dove. I need strength right now more than ever. Every time I turn around there's a new temptation. At lunch, marrinis jump off passing trays into my lap. At dinner, I get physically ill watching everyone else enjoying their margaritas. And when I go out at night I pick up half-finished beers that have been left on the bar. Other people's backwash! That's desperation!"

"Sounds...difficult."

"I know I need help. The Program says that it's all about for giveness. Forgiving yourself. Being forgiven. Easy does it. One day at a time."

The silver chain was cutting into Bruce's neck and fingers. He released it, making a tiny tinkle. The small cross it carried spun around madly, flashing light in all directions.

"That's why I came here in the first place," Bruce continues. "We had a bad time breaking up and we both behaved less than perfectly. I'm tired of the shade, the coldness. I want you to know something, Duffy. I have to tell you this so that I can be free." Duffy watched a small, wet crystal moving from Bruce's cheekbone towards his jaw. There was sweat collecting in the hollow of his neck. His eyes were puffy and full. Bruce leaned down close to Duffy's face and said:

"I forgive you."

The next thing was a blur of white nurses going in and out, surrounding his bed with the artillery of their profession—urinals, trays, bedpans—and chattering among themselves in a language he had never heard before. The phone was ringing. In the next room, muffled voices were raised in conflict. He felt the slippery fluid going drip-drip-drip into his veins and noticed that outside the window it had begun to snow.

LATER HE WOKE UP, soaked and alone. He realized that his fever had spiked again. He pressed the call button, hoping that the nurse would bring him some ice packs.

Long minutes passed and he was still alone. He was counting each deep inhalation, pulling the air down into his gut. He noticed that his hands were trembling. He rang again.

Some time later he began seeing red flashes. He could just make out the shape of his slippers in the shadows behind the door. He pulled himself upright, put them on, and sat on the edge of the bed.

When the red flashes turned into fireworks, Duffy knew that he had had enough. His anger was like rocket fuel—it propelled him forward into the bright hallway, dragging his IV pole by its plastic leash. Rows of silent doors stretched away forever. It was hard to believe that behind each one of them someone was suffering.

Duffy was still alone. He noticed his blood was backing up into the IV tube: a beautiful scarlet bracelet. He was hunched over with the pain in his gut and his head was just about to rip open. It started in his spine, rising, then shooting out the top of his skull.

"What is this SHIT?" Duffy screamed, although no one was there. "Where are you when I need you? Doesn't anyone care that I'm in pain? Are there any human beings here? Is this torture? Am I invisible? Am I insane?" A disembodied voice from inside a dark doorway told him to shut up.

"Why should I shut up? Why should I stay calm? Why should I be forgiven? I'm the one who's sick! And I'm angry! ANGRY!"

There was a sudden storm of limbs and faces that burst all around him—voices filled with hortor and contempt that thundered and crashed and the feeling that he was being swept away by a raging current, fast, but to where he didn't know.

TechnoNausea

Did you know that your biggest sexual organ is your brain? And if that's true, then it would stand to reason that a computer should be your most important sex toy. Not only does computer hacking improve the complexion, sweeten the breath, and cure baldness; it makes stunning publications like this possible. That's right, if we were forced to make galleys the traditional way, our bubble-butt surfboy-cum-layout slaves, their palsied grip weakened by adolescences filled with too much sniffing of airplane glue, would be slicing their fingers with X-acto blades and bleeding all over the format, thus creating a potential sero-hazard for our readership. We can't have that, now can we? So, with your health in mind, our text was composed in Microsoft Word, drawings (including Captain Condom) were rendered in Adobe Illustrator, and halftones were edited in Adobe Photoshop. Original photographs were shot on 35mm and 120 film; prints were scanned on a Microtek 300 flatbed scanner. Final assembly was done in a page layout program from an unnamed company (one of whose founders is said to have treated early employees to nights at an infamous Denver bathhouse) which deems DPN unworthy of charitable donations. Final output was to a Linotronic 300 and 330 at 100 lpi over 1270 dpi. Need a homo-friendly printer? Call LaserForm at (415) 366-7180.



HOW I GOT AIDS

Memoirs of a Working Boy, Part VII by Scott O'Hara

This one's different. This is how I definitely did *not* get AIDS.

I met Bob Chesley at the Los Angeles premier of *Jerker*, and was instantly in awe of him. Anyone who can come up with that sort of intense fantasy, who can keep an audience hard in their pants for 90 minutes without ever showing dick, has a mind to be reckoned with. My talents impressed him, too, so we hit it off pretty well. I saw him often after that, socially: at his place or mine (two blocks apart) or in the Castro—actually, we showed up at many of the same sorts of functions. I was still performing at the Campus then, so my evenings were fairly chaotic, but I still managed to take in my bite of culture.

One afternoon, he'd invited me over to his apartment—anyone who was ever there remembers it vividly: the bird's-eye view of the best parts of Buena Vista Park—to take some photos. In tights, naturally (his *primo* fetish). We had a great time, and the photos, when I saw them, were eye-poppers: I'd owned tights for years, but had never realized what I looked like in them, or the inherent possibilities. Hot-diggy! But after we were finished, and relaxing with a cup of coffee, we got into the depths of his fascination with the image, particu-

larly, with cartoon characters. Now, I grew up without television, so I can only speculate about what it's like for a gayboy of six or seven to watch tights-clad superheroes jumping around the TV screen. Bob described it all too clearly for me, though. Again, he had the knack for creating a fantasy from scratch and inserting it into your libido fully-formed. By the time he got out his custom-made Superman costume to show me, I was all worked up. I asked him, with a strange sort of hunger, if I could borrow it for a few days. He agreed; I rushed home with it, and promptly put it on, began posing in front of the mirror and figuring out how to jerk off in and out of it... and I got a sudden urge to call him and let him know how good it felt.

Once again, phone sex is not my thing. Emphatically. Phones make me nervous; talking about sex in graphic terms embarrasses me. With Bob, though, anything was possible: he was, after all, the man who defined phone sex for the stage. We had a brief, mind blowing trip, both of us came, and I told him to be at the Campus next evening for the 10 o'clock show.

Yeah, I did it. Started out as Clark Kent, to a tape of the Superman

theme, followed by cries of distress, at which point C.K. looked around, found a "phone booth" and tore off his suit, and the rest is pretty predictable. The audience ate it up—they always liked watching acts that could be rationalized as Art, rather than just Jackoff Shows. And I found it unexpectedly sexy, jerking off while still wearing tights. The management demurred, though—not vigorously, I had *carte blanche* around there; but they thought that performers should strip *all* the way. Always. Okay, it wasn't worth making a fuss over, and I'd had my fun. I still think it was one of the best shows I ever did. It impressed Bob too, I guess; two months later, he presented me with the script of his latest play, in which there was—voilà—the character Skip ("as in Skip to the good parts," he explained to me), doing a show very like mine. The play is called *Come Again*, and of course no respectable theater will touch it.

Okay, no unsafe sex in this episode. No Hollywood backstage wheeling 'n' dealing. Just some brilliant soft-core photos, a dirty phone call, a jack off show in *tights*, and a fucking literary event (unproduceable). Some of my fondest memories. Thanks, Robert.



FURTHER ADVENTURES

OF

CLAY CONDOM!

WE FIND OUR HERO
RECOUNTING THE ODD
EVENTS OF HIS PAST
FEW MONTHS...

SEEMS LIKE IT
HASN'T BEEN YOUR
SUMMER, CLAY.

TELL ME
ABOUT IT!

#

NOT ONLY DID I HAVE
TO SUFFER COUNTLESS
INDIGNITIES, NOW I'VE
GOT A SELF-STYLED
MANAGER ON MY BACK
ALL OF THE TIME.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN
I "NEED SUPERVISION"?

... YOU FRITTER
YOUR TIME AWAY
IN HEDONISTIC
MARATHONS...

...GET THROWN
OUT OF NEARLY
EVERY MAJOR
CLUB IN TOWN...

...COMMIT
AGGRAVATED
ASSAULT...

...END UP
IN COUNTY
JAIL...

LET ME COUNT
THE WAYS...

...AND LEFT SLIMAC
HOME ALONE WITHOUT
FOOD OR WATER!

FORTUNATELY,
YOUR LANDLADY HA
BEN TAKIN CARI
OF HIM!

SHAME ON YOU,
CLARENCE!

YEAH,
SHAME!

"CLARENCE"?

WHAT ARE YOU
SNICKERING AT?

OH, NOTHING.
WE'LL JUST HAVE
UPDATE THE
MONOGRAM ON
YOUR TUNIC!

HEY!

THE LABEL SAYS
"100% POLYESTER"!

THAT'S RIGHT.
NOW, IF YOU'RE A
GOOD BOY, WE'LL
GET YOU NICE
LYCRA SUIT...

...LIKE THE
LAST ONE
YOU LOST!

CLARENCE?

YOUR REAL
NAME IS
CLARENCE?

NOW DON'T
YOU START!

THE INSULTS DIDN'T END
WITH THE CLOTHING...



WHAT IS IT?

IT'S YOUR
NEW CAR! A 1963
CHRYSLER TURBINE!

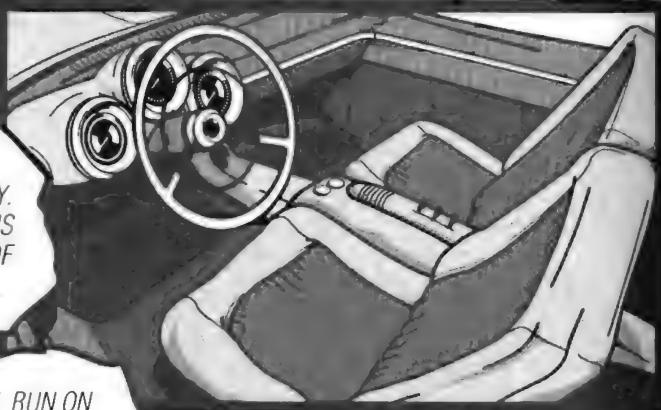
BUT...MY MUSTANG..!

OH, I HAD THAT
SILL Y TOY TAKEN AWAY.
BESIDES, THIS MODEL IS
MUCH MORE FITTING OF
YOUR NEW STATURE...

WHY IT'LL RUN ON
VIRTUALLY ANYTHING!
GASOLINE, ALCOHOL,
DIESEL, NAIL POLISH
REMOVER...

...THE PERFECT
VEHICLE FOR YOUR
LIFESTYLE!

ON TOP OF THAT,
EVERYTHING LOOKS
A LITTLE STRANGE
THESE DAYS...



PERSONIFICATION
OF DEATH

...LIKE I'M LOST IN A
DAVID LYNCH MOVIE

PERSONIFICATION
OF H.I.V.

THIS IS AN
OUTRAGE! AN
OUTRAGE!

WELL, I'LL GO
BACK TO THE LOG
CABIN CLUB WHERE
I'M APPRECIATED!

IF NO ONE IN THE
BATHHOUSE WILL SLEEP
WITH ME, THEN NO ONE IN
THE BATHHOUSE WILL SLEEP
WITH ANYONE, HA HA!

CLOSE THEM
DOWN, I SAY!

PERSONIFICATION
OF RANDY SHILTS

WHERE'S
MY ROYALTY
CHECK?

WOW, I GUESS
TRUTH REALLY IS
SCARIER THAN
FICTION!



I ALMOST
HESITATE TO ASK...
BUT HOW'S WORK?

ALMOST AS
STRANGE AS LIFE
WITH THE RUBBER
WOMAN...

THERE'S BEEN A SOME
KIND OF PEOPLE'S REBELLION
IN MALAYSIA, AND OUR BEST
RUBBER PLANTATIONS HAPPEN
TO BE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE
OF THAT MESS...

...AND I HAVE TO
GET IN THERE AND
DO SOME DAMAGE
CONTROL...

...BEFORE THEY
START CARVING UP THE
PROVINCE IN THE NAME
OF LAND REFORM!

Kuala Lumpur

BUT NOT WITHOUT
DOING A LITTLE DAMAGE
CONTROL OF MY OWN...

ARE YOU SURE
THAT YOU WANT TO
UNLOAD ALL OF IT?

THAT'S RIGHT...
ALL THE TIRE AND
CHEMICAL STOCK...

...FIRESTONE, DOW
MICHELIN, CARTER
WALLACE...ALL OF IT!

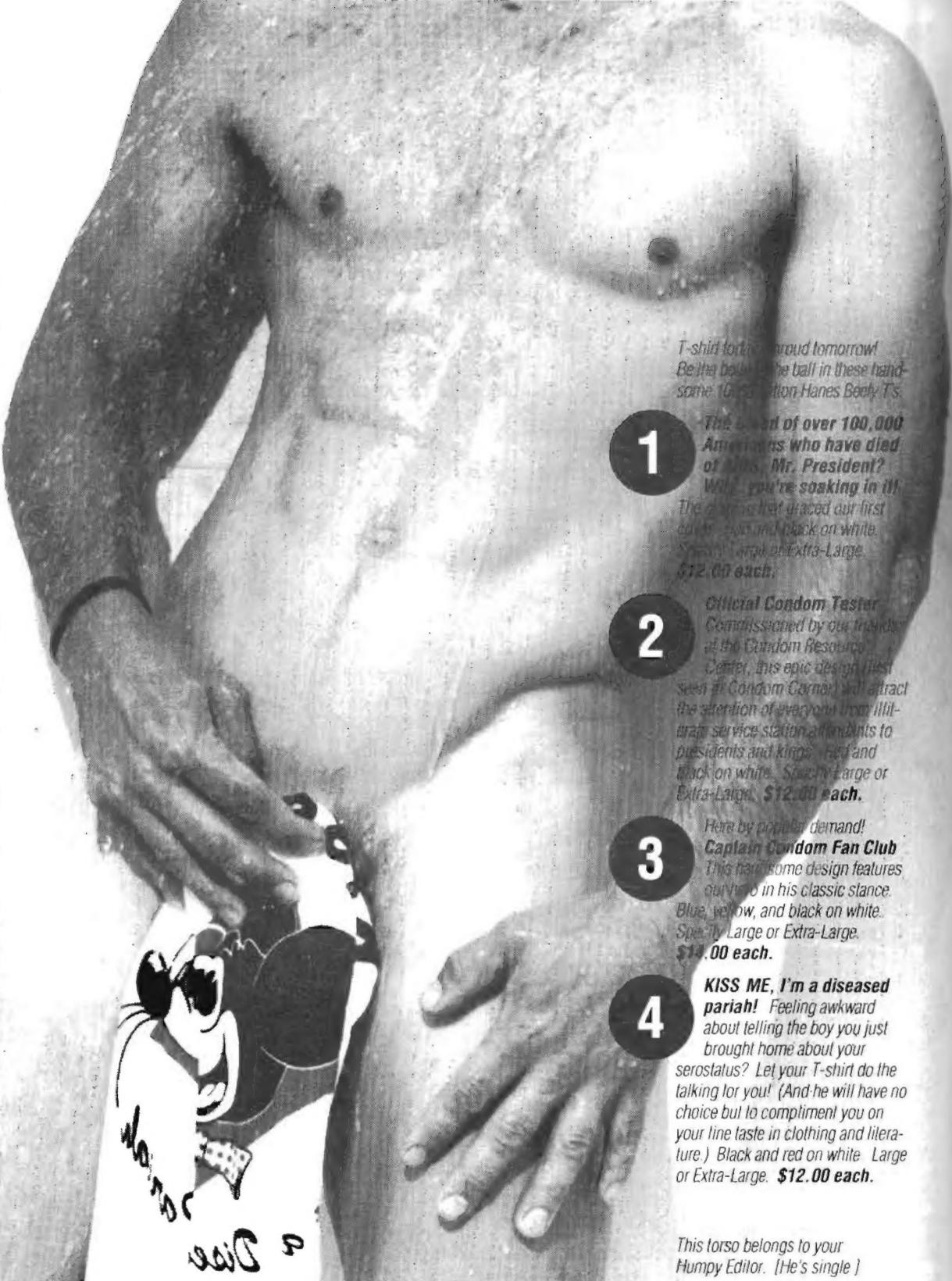
I LEAVE FOR
KUALA LUMPUR
NEXT WEEK.

NO REST FOR
THE WICKED, EH?

AT LEAST
NOT FOR THE
CORRUPT!

TO BE CONTINUED.

DISEASED PARIAH



T-shirt looks around tomorrow.
Be the boy in the ball in these hand-
some 100% cotton Hanes Beefy-Ts.

1 *The legend of over 100,000
Americans who have died
of AIDS. Mr. President?
Well, you're soaking in it!
The graphic features our first
cotton t-shirt in black on white.
Large or Extra-Large.
\$12.00 each.*

2 *Official Condom Tester
Commissioned by our friends
at the Condom Resource
Center, this epic design test-
sees if Condom Corner can attract
the attention of everyone from illit-
erate service station attendants to
presidents and kings. Red and
black on white. Small, Large or
Extra-Large. \$12.00 each.*

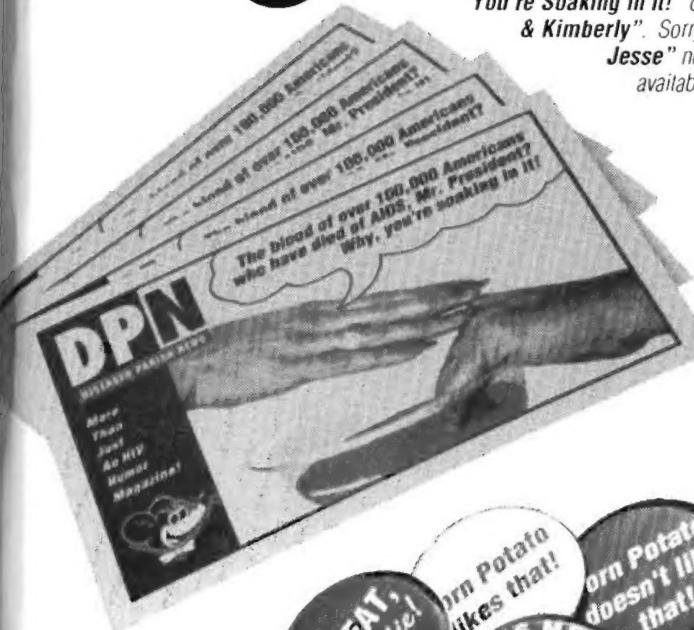
3 *Here by popular demand!
Captain Condom Fan Club
This has some design features
our hero in his classic stance.
Blue, yellow, and black on white.
Small, Large or Extra-Large.
\$14.00 each.*

4 *KISS ME, I'm a diseased
pariah! Feeling awkward
about telling the boy you just
brought home about your
serostatus? Let your T-shirt do the
talking for you! (And he will have no
choice but to compliment you on
your fine taste in clothing and litera-
ture.) Black and red on white. Large
or Extra-Large. \$12.00 each.*

*This torso belongs to your
Humpy Editor. [He's single.]*

6

Thought-provoking **DPN postcards!** Red and black on matte finish cardstock. Ask for "You're Soaking in It!" or "Roy & Kimberly". Sorry, "Piss Jesse" no longer available. **50¢ each.**



5

Official DPN buttons, featuring the lovable Oncomouse. Black, red, and white. Also available: "Porn Potato Likes That," "Porn Potato Doesn't Like That," and "GET FAT, don't die!" in black and white. 2-1/4 inches in diameter. **\$1.00 each.**



7

Tired of those nasty old trojans but don't know where to turn? Try **Captain Condom's Original Party Pack!** 15 assorted condoms, plus 3 lubricant samples and instructions. **\$4.00 each.**



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Address: _____

Signature: _____

(I certify that I am at least 18 years of age)

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(size Large, size Extra Large)

Captain Condom T-Shirt at **\$14.00** each
(size Large, size Extra Large)

Kiss Me... T-Shirt at **\$12.00** each
(size Large, size Extra Large)

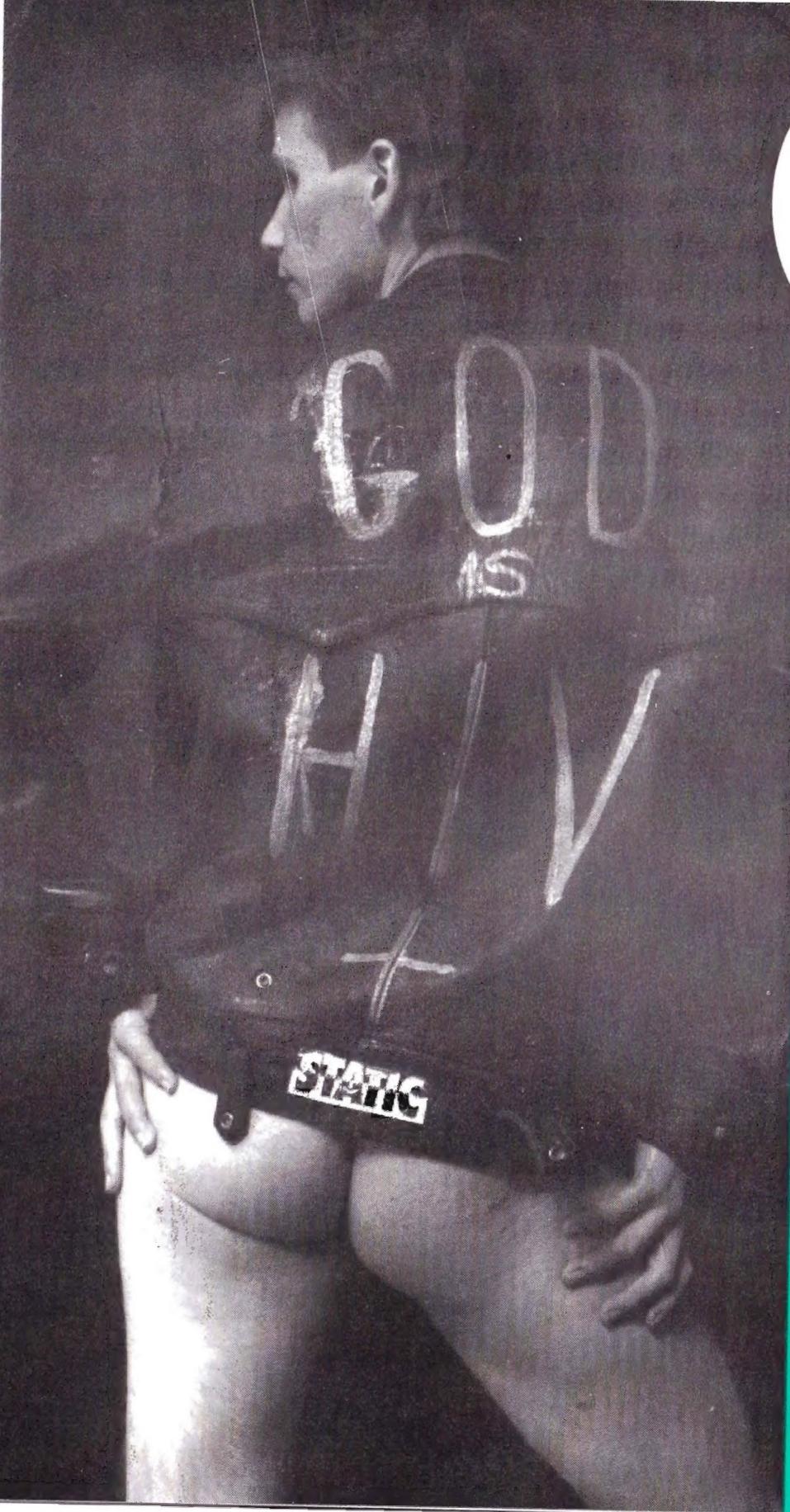
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